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HAYWARD'S *KING HENRY IV.*

SO much has been written on the Bacon-Shakespeare question that it is not easy now to break fresh ground; but still there are some facts to which, possibly, sufficient importance has not been attached, and the evidence which connects Bacon with the well-known *Raigne of King Henrie IV.*, for which Dr. Hayward was sent to the Tower, appears to me to be one of them.

Everybody who has read the "Apology Concerning Essex" must be familiar with the dramatic scene in which Bacon himself recounts his interview with the angry old Queen, when she had him up and rated him about this brochure of Dr. Hayward's; and if we consider how dangerous Bacon's position was at the time, there is really a touch of Falstaff in the way in which he banters the Queen and tries to draw her off the scent.

This is how Bacon puts it himself: "About the same

time I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my Lord's cause, *which though it grew from me, went after about in other men's names.* For her Majesty being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my Lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry the Fourth, thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the peoples' heads boldness and faction, said she had good opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason; whereto I answered, 'For treason surely I found none, but for felony very many.' And when her Majesty asked me wherein, I told her the author had committed very apparent theft, for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus, and translated them into English and put them into his text. And *another time,* when *the Queen would not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it,* but that it had some more mischevious author, and said with great indignation that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied, 'Nay, Madam, he is a doctor, never rack his person, but rack his stile; let him have pen ink and paper and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where he breaketh off, and I will undertake by *collecting the stiles* to judge whether he were the author or no.'"

Now in this we have two distinct facts very clearly defined—that whoever wrote the book, "the Queen would not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it," and that Bacon frankly admits that it was a matter "which though it grew from me went after about in other men's names," like the sonnet which he admits in this same "Apologia" having written for Essex, and like innumerable other devices, masques, letters, and sonnets which he wrote for Essex, Southampton, and others of his friends who had need of his

"good pen." As to whether the Queen suspected him of being the real author it is impossible to say, but the facts seem to point in that direction.

As regards the authorship of this interesting pamphlet we have further information in Bacon's own hand in Apophthegm 22, as found in the *Resuscitatio*. "The Book of Deposing King Richard the Second, and the coming in of Henry the 4th, *supposed* to be written by Doctor Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth, and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her Counsel learned, whether there were any treason contained in it. Who, intending to do him a pleasure and to take off the Queen's bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, 'No Madam, for treason I cannot deliver opinion, that there is any, but very much felony.' The Queen apprehending it gladly asked, 'How? And wherein?' Mr. Bacon answered, 'Because he had stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus.'"

This apophthegm has a strong bearing on the case, as it proves, at any rate, that Bacon was familiar with the book; otherwise he could not have pointed out to the Queen the fact that it contained extracts from Tacitus; and when he says that it was *supposed* to have been written by Hayward it is pretty good evidence that he was aware that Hayward had very little to do with it. A point worth noting, too, is that Bacon here drops the correct title and substitutes "The Book of Deposing King Richard II.," a title which is far more in accordance with the facts than the original one. The "booke" is, indeed, neither more nor less than the play of *Richard II.* with the Shakespearian poetry translated into Baconian prose, so much so indeed that it would not be unreasonable to believe that the same "stile" was at work on both of them.

Whether Bacon wrote the book or not, however, there

can be no doubt that it was a real red rag to him which was constantly being flaunted in his face. Anybody familiar with the life of Bacon will, I think, agree with me in saying that whenever Bacon was in hot water, Coke was always to be found there or thereabouts raking up the coals, and this matter of the Judicial Enquiry was no exception to the rule. I take the following from Spedding (Vol. II., p. 173) relative to the Judicial Enquiry at York House in 1599—1600 in the case of Essex :—

"The Crown lawyers, who received their directions from the Council, were specially warned not to press the charge to any point implying disloyalty ; and *the main business fell, of course, upon Coke.* To Bacon was assigned a part of the case comparatively unimportant, merely the countenancing by Essex of a book which had given offence to the Queen ; a part which, *though he did not like it,* and though he seems to have thought the introduction of it into the case injudicious, he had no just ground for refusing, being assigned to him as it was by those who were officially responsible for the business, and the business being designed (whether judiciously or not) to clear the government from imputations which were unjust, arising out of a misapprehension of the facts, by a course studiously contrived to make the proof of the offence compatible with indulgence to the offender."

Here, at any rate, we get at the fact that the main business in the Judicial Enquiry fell upon Coke. Knowing as we do the relations between Bacon and Coke we may be quite certain that Coke would spare no pains to pick out the most disagreeable bit of work that he could find for Bacon, and he selects this "Booke of the Reigne of King Henry IIII." Surely it was not the Queen only

who was of opinion that "it was not his writing whose name was to it"!

That this *brochure* was a source of much worry to Bacon is clear enough, as he goes back to it in his "Apologia," when he refers to the distribution of parts in the Judicial Enquiry. "Hereupon the next news I heard was, that we were all sent for again, and that her Majesty's pleasure was, we should all have parts in the business; and the Lords falling into distribution of our parts, it was allotted to me, that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my Lord of Essex in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, *as it was termed*, which was dedicated unto him, which was the book before mentioned of King Henry the Fourth. Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their Lordships that it was an old matter and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland, and that therefore *I, having been wronged by bruits, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said I gave in evidence my own tales.*"

It is evident from this that Bacon was irritated by Coke's "allotment" of the parts, but when he goes on to say that if he accepted the allotment it would be be said that he "gave in evidence his own tales," I do not see how we can interpret his assertion except as an admission that he was himself the author of the pamphlet. Very vague, it is true; but is there any better solution of the problem?

If, however, we wish to arrive at any proof as to the true authorship, we must take Bacon's own hint and "rack his stile." If we do this, I think that many critics will admit that most of the pamphlet is written in pure Baconese, or if not, that it is a marvellous imitation. In this connection we must not forget that when Bacon said to the Queen "Let him have pen, ink, and paper and help of books and be enjoined to

continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake by 'collecting the stiles'* to judge whether he were the author or no," he evidently intended to suggest that if Hayward was enjoined to "continue the story," † it would be found that his "stile" was *not* that of the pamphlet.

Here is the last paragraph in the "Address to the Reader" of the "Life and Reign of King Henry IV.":

"And since I am entered into this point, it may seeme not impertinent to write of the '*stile*' of a history, what beginning, what continuance, and what meane is to bee used in all matter, what thinges are to be suppressed, what lightly touched, and what to be treated at large: how creadit may be won, and suspition avoided: what is to bee observed in the order of times, and description of places and other such circumstances of weight: what liberty a writer may use in framing speeches, and in declaring the causes, counsailes and events of things done: how far he must bend himself to profit: and when and how hee may play upon pleasure, but this were too large a fielde to enter

* This "collecting the stiles" seems to have puzzled Spedding, as he has a note "So in the original"; but if Hayward was one of the "good pens" of whom Bacon always kept a good stock on hand (and of whom Ben Jonson was one of the last), there is no difficulty about it.

† With regard to this "continuing the story," anybody who examines the pamphlet will see at once that there was never any intention of continuing it, and that (written in 1599 and dedicated to Essex, as it was) the Queen was right enough in looking upon it as a "seditious prelude." If Bacon really wrote it, he must have been more deeply involved with Essex than he cared to admit; but my theory does not go beyond a belief that if Hayward was the author, Bacon put on the finishing touches. There is no space here to go into a comparison of "stile" as between the pamphlet and Bacon's acknowledged work of the "Raigne of King Henry VII." and Hayward's "Lives of the Norman Kings," &c.

into: therefore least I should run into the fault of the *Mindians,* who made their gates wider than their towne, I will heere close up, onely wishing that all our English histories were drawn out of the drosse of rude and barbarous English: that by pleasure in reading them, the profit in knowing them myght more easily bee attayned."

Surely this torrent of words and ideas without a full-stop is suggestive of the Baconian "stile."

I would like to have re-printed the whole of the character of *Henry IV.*, as it so closely resembles the portrait drawn of him in the play of *Richard II.*, but it is too long, and I must content myself with the following passage, in which I think we may recognize the Baconian rhythm:—

"He was quicke and present in conceite, forward in attempt, courageous in execution, and most times fortunate in event."

Then again, the *brochure,* short as it is, contains many of those wonderful similes so characteristic of Bacon, such as these:—

"Thou hast been once already faithless to King Richard and now again art false to King Henry, so that *like* the fish Sepia, thou troublest all the waters wherein thou livest."

"Ambition is *like* the Crocodile which groweth so long as he liveth: or *like* the Ivy, which fastening on the foot of the tallest Tower, by small yet continual rising, at length will climb above the top; it is already grown from a spark to a flame, from a twig to a tree, and high time it is that the increase were stayed."

"*Like* certain Ravens, in Arabia, so long as they are full, do yield a pleasant voice; but being empty do make a horrible cry."

"*Like* swallows, they forsook that house in the winter of fortune's boisterous blasts, where they did nothing but feed and foyle in the summer of her sweet sunshine."

"*Like* the lapwing he cried most when he was furthest from the nest."

"Whose affections are *like* unto Glass; which being once cracked, can never be made otherwise than crazed and unsound."

"The Commons are commonly *like* a flock of cranes, as one doth fly all will follow."

Passages which might have come straight from the Essays are so frequent that I can only quote a few of them.

"Smooth and pleasing speeches need small endeavour, and always findeth favour, whereas to advise that which is meet is a point of some paines, and many times a thankless office."

"It is troublesome to be grateful and many times chargeable: but revenge is pleasant and preferred before gain."

"Nothing maketh men more desperate upon a doubtful danger than fear of that which is certain."

"The nature of man is to hate those whome he hath harmed."

"Times have their turns, and fortune her course to and fro like the sea, and magnanimity is shown by enduring and not relinquishing."

There are also many of Bacon's pet words to be found, such as "obsequious" and others, but which need not be quoted.

I think that I have made out a fairly strong case as to the Baconian authorship of this remarkable pamphlet; but I have no wish to be dogmatic—only suggestive, and if Bacon were the real author of both pamphlet and play it is almost incredible that he could display

such wonderful *sang froid* when the Queen had him up and told him she would have the author racked if she could lay hands on him! He must have been quite familiar with the Queen's "*I am Richard the Second, know ye not that?*" He knew that the play had been acted in the City, to the intense annoyance of the Queen, who looked upon both play and pamphlet as treasonable; he *knew* that his intimate connection with Essex made him suspected, and yet in the midst of all this *sturm und drang* he could, by his own admission, "invent a merry conceite" by way of turning away the wrath of that terrible old lady! It is hard to believe; but, if true, we may well accept "Rare old Ben's" assertion that Bacon was a man "who could never pass by a jest," and we must not make the mistake of judging the men of the sixteenth century by a nineteenth century standard.

A question here presents itself which, so to speak, *saute aux yeux. Where was the author of the play of King Richard II. when all this terrible fuss was being made over the authorship of the pamphlet?* This "Storie of the Deposition of King Richard the Second," *supposed* to be written by Hayward (as Bacon puts it) occupies very much the same position with regard to the play as the story which we find at the beginning of an opera libretto bears to the opera itself. And yet the supposed author of the "Storie" is sent to the Tower, and the author of the play, which was certainly quite as treasonable, gets off scot-free and is never heard of. If the Queen wished to rack the author of the pamphlet, how was it that she spared Shakspere, if he was the acknowledged author of the play which was acted (and most treasonably acted beyond a doubt*) in

* The Deposition Scene in *Richard II.* was omitted in the play as published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but it may have been included in the play as produced in the City, as it was almost certainly in existence.

the City? It is quite incomprehensible. The truth would seem to be that Coke either knew or suspected that Bacon was the author of both play and pamphlet, and nobody would be more competent to judge of Baconian "stile" than the great laywer before whom Bacon had so often pleaded. If so, it all becomes clear enough, as it would be so like Coke to set Bacon to adjudicate on his own handiwork, and (as Bacon himself complains) force him "to put in evidence his own tales." This is not a pleasant suggestion, but if we reflect how these two great men were engaged in a life-long duel, it is not an unreasonable one; nor should we over-look the fact that there is Spedding's authority as to the main business in this "Judicial Enquiry" having been in the hands of Coke.

Hayward, as we know, was only released from the Tower on the accession of King James, when Bacon's sun began to shine. He was then knighted and made Historiographer to the King—a pretty certain indication that Bacon did not forget his old friends.

H. S.

BACON AND POPE

IN the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1902, Mr. Marston accuses Mrs. Gallup of making Bacon guilty of plagiarisms from Pope, in her Cipher translation of Bacon's Catalogue of the Ships, which that Lady says she discovered in Burton's *Anatomy*. In support of this charge Mr. Marston quotes five passages from the Greek text, of which the following he considers conclusive.

Bacon (Mrs. Gallup) writes:—

"Penelius, Leitus, Prothoenor, joined with *Arcesilaus and bold Clonius, equall in arms and in command,* led Boeotia's hosts" (line 494).

Before Mrs. Gallup had deciphered this passage, Pope had translated the lines thus :—

> "The hardy warriors whom Boeotia bred,
> Peneleus, Leitus, Brothoenor led ;
> With these *Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,*
> *Equal in arms and equal in command.*" (586.)

The important fact in this passage is that the epithets in italics of Pope and Bacon have no existence in the Greek text. The fact that Pope inserted in his translation the same words that Bacon used in his cipher rendering is not only strange, but, as Mr. Marston puts it, "the chances are a thousand to one, against two translators inventing and adding the *same words*, not in the original" (p. 54).

This remarkable discovery of Mr. Marston induced me to collate Bacon's translation of the Catalogue with the Greek text and with Pope's version, with the result that I detected quite a number of coincidences between Pope's translation and Bacon's, in addition to those noted by Mr. Marston.

The following are the coincidences or departures from the Greek text which I have verified, and can vouch for.

Words in *italics* are interpolations of the translator, unrepresented in the Greek text (Wolf's Edition, Leipsic, 1808). Numbers in the second column of figures refer to the pages of Mrs. Gallup's "Argument of the Iliad" (pp. 225 to 230).

1.	Bacon.	*The waterie plains* of Hyrie...	496	*225*
	Pope.	"Hyrie's *watery fields*" ...	591	
2.	Bacon.	Thespia *sacred to the God Apollo*	498	,,
	Pope.	Thespia *sacred to the God of day*	599	
3.	Bacon.	*Pastoral* Erythrae	499	,,
	Pope.	*For flocks* Erythrae	602	

4. Bacon.	Hyle *well watered by its springs*	500	*225*	„
Pope.	Hyle *which the springs oerflow*	595		
5. Bacon.	*Loftie* Medeon	501		„
Pope.	Medeon *lofty*	597		

The Homeric epithet is "well-built city."

6. Bacon.	Glissa *where Vines abound* ...	504	„
Pope.	Glissa *for the vine*	602	
7. Bacon.	*Greene* Platea	504	„
Pope.	Plataea *green*	603	
8. Bacon.	Onchestus, where Neptune's temple stood	506	„
Pope.	Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves	600	

The Homeric epithet "sacred" is omitted by both.

9. Bacon.	*Rich* Arne	507	„
Pope.	Arne *rich*	606	

This epithet alone would suggest a doubt if the translator understood Greek! The Greek five-syllabled epithet is very beautiful, and has been tenderly dealt with by all translators. First comes the Latin rendering, "uvis abundans," abounding in grapes. Then comes Chapman, who was so impressed that he gives a whole line to the picture the epithet conjures up.

"An Arne, where the vine trees are with vigorous bunches bowed."

Dart has	"Arne famed for her vines" ...	507
Cordery	"Arne's vine-clad slopes" ...	563
Derby	"Viny-clustered Arne" ...	582

(Anonymous Crib). "Arne abounding in grapes."

No; depend upon it Bacon never translated "polystaphylos" by "rich." A little later on the same Greek epithet recurs, and is recognised by Bacon.

10. "In Isteia for her Vineyards

famed throughout the world" 537 *226*

And strange to say Pope does the same:

"Isteian fields for generous vines renowned" 645

I leave the reader to draw his own conclusion.

11.	Bacon.	*Fertile* Orchomenus	511	,,
	Pope.	*Spacious* Orchomenian *plain*	611	
12.	Bacon.	Epistrophus and Shedius ...	517	,,
	Pope.	Epistrophus and Schedius ...	621	

Homer's words are, "Schedius and Epistrophus, the sons of great Iphitus, son of Naubolus" (Derby).

13.	Bacon.	*From the Faire Land* ...	519	,,
	Pope.	*From those rich regions* ...	622	
14.		(Hyampolis)	521	

This city is omitted both by Bacon and Pope.

15.	Bacon.	Oileus sonne th' lesser Ajax	527	,,
	Pope.	"Oileus valiant son" ...	631	

In the Greek a remarkable epithet is used, "with linen breastplate armed" 529 (Derby), which it is remarkable that both Bacon and Pope should have overlooked! Every other translator but Pope whom I can consult has it—Chapman, Derby, Dart, Cordery, an anonymous one, and two Latin Versions.

16.	Bacon.	*Well-wooded* Tarphea ...	533	,,
	Pope.	Tarphe's *sylvan seats* ...	639	
17.	Bacon.	*Wel-built* Eretria	537	,,

Chapman has "*rich* Eretria," which amounts to much the same thing; nor does either occur in the Greek.

18.	Bacon.	Aegina, *the sea-girt isle* ...	562	,,

	Pope.	"Fair Aegina *circled by the main*"	677	
19.	Bacon.	*Fertil* Ornia	571	*226*
	Pope.	Ornia's *fruitful plain* ...	688	
20.	Bacon.	Pelene, *noted for flocks* ...	574	,,
	Pope.	Pellene yields her *fleecy store*	692	

Here flocks and fleeces are palpably interpolations from the same mint !

21.	Bacon.	*Sparta's forces*	582	*227*
	Pope.	*The hardy Spartans*	702	

The Homeric text has "Pharis and Sparta" coupled together. It was nothing for Pope to sacrifice his poet to his verse, but it is remarkable that Bacon allowed this important town to fall in the back-ground and only signify its existence by a simple mention of "Sparta's forces."

22.	Bacon.	*Sandy* Pylos	591	,,
	Pope.	Pylos' *sandy coast*	715	

Homer attaches no epithet to Pylos !

23.	Bacon.	*Little* Pteleon	594	,,
	Pope.	*Little* Pteleon	718	
24.	Bacon.	*Famed* Dorion	594	,,
	Pope.	Dorion, *famed*	721	
25.	Bacon.	Parrhasia *her lofty cliffs* ...	608	,,
	Pope.	Parrhasia *on her snowy cliffs*	737	
26.	Bacon.	Agapenor	609	,,
	Pope.	*Bold* Agapenor	741	

In the text Agapenor is styled "king" (kreion), and it is significant to find this *distinctive title* wanting in both Pope and Bacon.

27.	Bacon.	*Glorious* Ancaeus	609	,,
	Pope.	Ancaeus	742	

In Pope it is Agapenor who is "glorious."

28. Bacon. Phyleus. A man whom Jove greatly loved 628 *228*
Pope. Begot by Phyleus, the beloved of Jove 762
Homer calls Phyleus "the Horseman."

Curiously enough Chapman, whom Bacon *might have consulted*, also omits this phrase.

29. Bacon. *Rocky* Crocylea ... ... 633 „
Pope. Crocylia *rocky* 772
30. Bacon. Zacynthus *greene* isle ... 634 „
Pope. Zacynthus *green* 772
31. Bacon. Zacynthus ... ... 634 „
Pope. Zacynthus 772

Samos follows in the Greek text, but is omitted by both Bacon and Pope. Other translators give so important a town as a matter of course (Dart, Derby, Chapman, Cordery, Cowper).

32. Bacon. *Rugged* Pylene ... ... 639 „
Pope. *Rough* Pylene 777
33. Bacon. Idomeneus ... ... 645 „
Pope. Idomeneus 721

Bacon and Pope both omit the distinctive epithet of Idomeneus "Skilled with the spear." Chapman also omits it.

34. Bacon. Phaestus, *by the silver Jardan* 648 „
Pope. *By* Phaestus *silver Jardan* runs 789
35. Bacon. Nine *fleet* shippes ... ... 654 „
Pope. Nine *swift* vessels 794
36. Bacon. From *Isle* Rhodes ... ... 654 „
Pope. From Rhodes 795
37. Bacon. *Brave* Phidippus 678 *229*
Pope. *Bold* Phidippus 827
38. Bacon. *Sweet* Hella, where are the fayrest o' women ... ... 683 „

	Pope.	Hella blessed with female beauty	831	
39.	Bacon.	*The vales of* Phthia	683	*229*
	Pope.	Phthia's *spacious vales* ...	831	
40.	Bacon.	And slain the sonnes of Evenus	693	,,
	Pope.	"The *bold* sons of *great* Evenus slew	844	

The epiphet "bold" should be "famed for the spear."

In the Greek text the names of both sons are given, but Bacon omits them, and Pope does the same.

41.	Bacon.	Antrium, *where the caves are numerous in those hills* ...	697	,,
	Pope.	Antrons *watery dens and caverned ground*	852	
42.	Bacon.	*Grassie* Ptelium	697	,,
	Pope.	"*Grassy* Pteleon"	849	

This line is of great interest as showing the length to which translators will go in mangling the Greek text. Literally rendered the line runs thus :—

"By the sea
In Antron, and in Pteleon's grass-clad meads."—DERBY.

Note how Bacon translates this line, and then observe how closely Pope follows him, as there is in the text nothing about "Caves" or "Dens" or "caverned ground," the sole qualifying epithet of "Antron" being "maritime" or "on sea."

43.	Bacon.	Lake Boebe *with high hills surrounded*	711	,,
	Pope.	*Where hills encircle* Boebe's *lowly* lake	865	

There is no reference to hills in the text.

44.	Bacon.	Sonne of Alceste	715	,,
	Pope.	Whom Alceste bore	869	

Both Bacon and Pope omit the name of the father Admetus.

45. Bacon. Bowes *made of eugh....* ... 720 *230*
Pope. *The tough bow...* 875

Here the troops of Philoitetes use "yew" bows and Philoitetes a "tough" bow. In the text there is no epithet applied to the weapon.

46. Bacon. *Faire* Rhene ... ... 728 „
Pope. *Beauteous* Rhena 883
47. Bacon. *Towered* Tricca ... ... 729 „
Pope. *Her humbler turrets* Tricca *rears*... 886
48. Bacon. *Titan hideth in snows his hoary head* ... ... 735 „
Pope. Titan *hides his hoary head in snow* 894

The literal translation is "And Titanus glittering summits" (Dart) 735

There is nothing about any Titan hiding in so uncomfortable a manner.

49. Bacon. In *strong-walled* Arisbe ... 836 *233*
Pope. From *great* Arisba's *walls* ... 1014 „

In the Greek text the epithet of Arisbe is "divine," with no reference to walls!

50. Bacon. *Faire twins of Hellespontus* ... 836 „
Pope. Sestos and Abydos *neighbouring strands* 1013

This bold image seems to suggest that "Hellespontus" is lugged in to father the "twins," and the "twins" probably originate in Pope's unhappy epithet of "neighbouring," though the Hellespont ran between.

Here are fifty instances which prove how curiously related to one another the translations of the Catalogue of the Ships by Bacon and Pope are, and I feel

strongly it is unnecessary to bring forward any more of the same sort. If these fifty instances do not prove such connection, the reader's mind would be equally unconvinced by five hundred.

And what now is Mrs. Gallup's position? Mr. Marston's assertions and my own (in support thereof), have to be faced deliberately and squarely.

Mrs. Gallup's denial of Mr. Marston's charges is absolute in every particular, and is contained in her "Replies to Criticisms," p. 16 :—

"*Any statement that I copied from Pope, or from any source whatever, the matter put forth as deciphered from Bacon's works, is false in every particular.*"

The "Catalogue of the Ships," not being deciphered from a work of Bacon, does not fall logically within the scope of the above denial, but I assume that no quibble of this sort was intended, or that the tension of the position is any way relaxed thereby.

Mrs. Gallup goes on to make a point in the unavoidable resemblance which must exist between different translations of the same passage. Granted; but when this is followed up (p. 16) by an allusion to "*Bacon's directions for writing out the Iliad (by the word-cipher*, p. 170)," it is necessary to remind the writer that she cannot quote in support of herself any passage from her own cipher translations which she has hitherto failed to prove to rest on an indisputable basis. Mrs. Gallup's suggestion (p. 16, at bottom) that there were Latin translations of Homer in Bacon's day that were "equally accessible to Pope a century later," is very smart as possibly explaining coincidences of expression between Bacon's translation and Pope's, but the value of the *suggestion* (for it is nothing more) is discounted by the fact that, fully aware as the lady and her supporters must be of the importance of this statement,

no translation has been identified as capable of bearing out the idea of Bacon and Pope both have "cribbed" from a common source.

The lady, however, does not think much herself of her own suggestion, as she winds up (p. 17) with the candid avowal, "But all this is of small importance, for it is inconclusive," and plunges at once into the safer defence of *assertion* touching her own cipher-deciphering achievements, which no one understands and no one can verify or controvert. On this nebulous voyage I resolutely decline to embark.

W. THEOBALD.

Ilfracombe, October, 1905.

The above writer sees only one solution of the remarkable similarities he adduces between the alleged deciphered work of Bacon and the published verse of Pope—viz., the entire absence of good faith on the part of Mrs. Gallup. Yet, *à priori*, there is nothing abnormal in the discovery of the practical use by Bacon in Elizabethan books of a cipher, avowedly invented and explained by him, peculiarly suited to the printed page. Stephenson did not content himself with inventing the locomotive steam engine; he set it to work. Bacon and Pope possessed one common attribute—each could read Greek freely, but neither was a profound student of the language.

According to Ruffhead, who from original MSS. compiled a life of Pope within twenty-five years from the latter's death, Pope in translating the Iliad "used in general to take advantage of the first glow, afterwards calmly to correct each book by the original, *then to compare it with other translations*, and, *lastly, gave it a reading for the sake of the versification only*."

With a nation waiting years for the book, and a sub-

scription list of £5,000, he had to be thorough. He had (Ruffhead tells us) recourse to the books of the Bodleian and other libraries at Oxford. Bacon's translation of the Iliad was placed in the cipher by Rawley in 1628. Thus the translation necessarily existed in MS. after Bacon's death. We know from Rawley and others down to Stephens as late as 1734, long after Pope's Iliad was published, what care was taken to preserve but not divulge certain of Bacon's writings. Is there not, therefore, a more logical inference open to Mr. W. Theobald, namely, that Pope, whose avowed object was skilful versification rather than literal accuracy, had access to and trimmed his lines with the help, amongst others, of Bacon's manuscript translation? This involves no reflection on Pope. Any prose translation was legitimate raw material for his purpose.

Mr. W. Theobald would seem to confute himself by one at least of the evidences above brought forward. "Bold," as applied to Clonius, is, says Mr. W. Theobald, an epithet which has no existence in the Greek text of Homer's Iliad.

"Bold Clonius" appears in the Bacon decipher. It does not appear in Pope's published work, nor, to the best of our enquiry, is it to be found in other translations. The suggestion of Pope's lines as the inspiration of the Bacon decipher here completely breaks down. The writer of this note (about the time of Mr. Marston's attack) learning through D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," that a MS. of Pope's translation of the Iliad was in the recesses of the British Museum, caused it to be fished out, and discovered to his surprise that "Bold Clonius" was originally used by Pope, though afterwards crossed out. This goes a long way to prove access to a translation in which the epithet, non-existent in the Greek text, of "Bold," had been applied to

Clonius. Pope had no hesitation in publishing as his own work the translations of certain books of the Odyssey done by his friends Broome and Fenton. If, during his search through the libraries for material to assist his verse translation of the Iliad, he happened, as was likely, to come across a copy of Bacon's prose translation, Mr. W. Theobald's article demonstrates the good use he made of it.

P. W.

"A CYPRESS GROVE"

WITHIN the past few years many notable books have been written connecting, by means of parallel expressions and identities of thought, the works of Shakespeare with those of Bacon. This test of internal evidence, accepted without a murmur where lesser men are concerned, is, however, ignored or derided by the Shakespeare specialists when their own particular vested interests are concerned. On the strength of a phrase, nay, almost of a word, whole plays may be handed over to Greene, scenes even of Shakespeare may be thrown over (if inferior); but nothing, named or anonymous, must be connected with Bacon, though the evidences adduced may be seventy times seven.

When the vested interests have died out, perhaps the subject may be more fairly considered, and the great community of mind which animates the entire mass of Elizabethan literature, the identity of knowledge displayed, the thoughts inspired thereby, and the language used to picture forth those thoughts, may be fronted and confessed. The present paper is concerned only with a comparatively unknown little master-piece, "*A Cypress Grove*," and with two Essays on the same

eternal problem—one the undoubted work of Bacon, the second ascribed posthumously to him by a London publisher.

Among Drummond's Cypresses a great peace broods; there is a smoothness and placidity, a great evidence of faith, not immediately noticeable in Bacon's two Essays. But the briefest comparison reveals remarkable underlying identities of thought and expression, which closer study would doubtless amplify.

For the sake of brevity and reference I call the undoubted Bacon Essay B. 1, and the posthumous one B. 2. The references to Drummond are to the easily available edition by Routledge, "The Poems of William Drummond," Vol. II., the Muse's Library.*

The idea that Death is more terrible in anticipation than reality finds expression thus:—

D. 241.—More terrible in conceit than verity.	B. 2.—The expectation brings terror and that exceeds the evil.

And the reason for the *fear* of death is beautifully and identically stated—

D. 256.—"So little children fear to go in the dark."	B. 1.—"Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark."

But our authors agree that this doubting dread is easily overcome, and express themselves again with remarkable concord—

D. 265.—"There is no passion so weak but it mastereth not the fear of leaving it."	B. 1.—"There is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death."

Also, they are in unison in declaring that death should not be feared, it being but the freeing of the soul

* Since this was written the firm of E. Grant Richards has published *The Cypress Grove* in the Venetian series as a 6d. booklet.

from its prison-house, from fetters (albeit golden); that Death is but the end of corruption, the beginning of life; an episode; an opening of the soul's eye to its own fineness, and the grandeur of its Creator. Compare the following—

D. 247.—Wandering with golden fetters in glistering prisons.

B. 2.—"Why should a man be in love with his fetters, though of gold?"

D. 266.—"The deathday of thy body is thy birthday to eternity."

B. 2.—"The end of all flesh and the beginning of incorruption."

D. 271.—"The last instant of corruption is the first of generation."

D. 265.—"Freed of thy fleshly care . . . thou shalt rightly discern the beauty of thyself . . . God to whom thou owest thy being."

B. 2.—"The soul, having shaken of her flesh, dost then set up for herself . . . shews what finger hath enforced her."

D. 277.—Death, being of itself as indifferent as birth.

B. 1.—It is as natural to die as to be born—and perhaps the one is as painful as the other.

That Death is by no means the worst of evils, and that it is not the length of life, but the quality of life's work that counts, is finely stated.

D. 257.—Days are not to be esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodness.

B. 2.—I make not love to the continuance of days, but to the goodness.

D. 253.—"There is almost no infirmity worse than age."

B. 2.—"Such an age is a mortal evil." "I should not be in earnest to see the evening of my age, that extremity of itself being a disease."

We are but units in a procession, of necessity ever moving.

D. 244.—"They which prevent us, did leave room for us, and should we grieve to do the same for those which come after us."

B. 2.—As others have given place to us, so we must in the end give way to others.

The following similarities may be noted—

D. 245.—"Old grandmother —dust."	B. 2.—"Our grandmother, the earth."
D. 242.—"The great theatre of this earth."	B. 2.—"Into this wretched theatre" [*i.e.* earth].

Drummond and Bacon both argue that Death is not so painful as it would appear to be. We know Bacon's doctrine of Vital Spirits, and here we have Drummond saying that in death "the vital spirits withdraw to the heart (like distressed citizens which fly to the defence of their citadel)"; further, that this citadel is abandoned "without any sensible touch, as the flame, the oil failing, leaveth the wick." Now Bacon, in his first short essay, says that "death many times passeth painlessly, for the most vital parts are not quickest of sense." This is immediately followed in both instances by—

D. 254.—"Shrinking motions and convulsions, witness great pain."	B. 1.—"Groans, convulsions —a discoloured face—the like shew death terrible."

The reader cannot fail to be impressed by the resemblance to Sir Thomas Browne's trenchant style. The following passage must remind one of another writer—"He should rather constantly endure what he knoweth, than have refuge into that which he feareth and knoweth not."

If this beautiful and thoughtful work of Drummond's were compared and analysed thoroughly, it could probably be shewn that every thought is reminiscent and derived from the great directing mind of the controller of the renascent literature.

There is scope here for an acuter brain and more retentive memory than the present writer possesses.

ROLAND J. BAYLEY.

"LETTERS FROM THE DEAD"*

THIS remarkable book purports to be a series of letters written respectively by the ghosts of William Shakspere, Francis Bacon, Guy Fawkes, the emblem writer Jacob de Bruck, and the mathematicians John Napier and Henry Briggs. A superficial glance might persuade the reader that these curious productions had been obtained by automatic writing or under some spiritualistic conditions. It may be that Mr. "Lector," whoever he is, is willing we should infer transcendental sources of information rather than that his letters emanate from the fount of a fertile imagination. We venture to think that this book is not merely a *jeu d'esprit*, that "Oliver Lector" is not the name of the writer, and that the work has had no miraculous origin; in other words, that it is a serious production masquerading in the diaphanous garments of fiction. If mere fiction, no motive can be assigned to the author for bringing together in such bizarre co-relation so incongruous a crowd of spectres.

The book opens with a letter from Jacob de Bruck, who has been taxed in the next world (or perhaps in the next world after the next) with certain of his Emblem pictures which were published in the year 1616. Unable to give any explanation, in his extremity De Bruck turns to the shade of Francis Bacon and recalls "The booklet your Excellency for reasons best known to yourself did drawe me on to set forth in the ancient city of Strasbourg." In a happy piece of Baconian prose, Bacon accedes to De Bruck's request:—

"Premising this onlie, that the distaste whereof I have spoken proceedeth not upon anie ill conceit of your person; but rather upon mine inflexible opinion that

* "Letters from the Dead to the Dead," edited by Oliver Lector (Quaritch, 6s.).

all that I did upon those curious toys called Emblems devoured time that was ill bestowed. Methinks I did assume too great a nimbleness of wit in the Frenchmen of your time, that I builded too great hopes upon the sagacity of the German, and the tenacity and slow plodding of the students who dwelt in the Netherlands. Of mine own countrymen I did expect little; nor in this was I deceived."

Ten facsimiles of De Bruck's Emblems are reproduced in Mr. Lector's volume, and to each is appended what purports to be Bacon's exposition. We reproduce the first, which is expounded thus :—

Quas tibi non justum nuper glomeraram avare
Congesit, miseras perdigit altre opes.
Vivus eras cunctis invisus, inutilis ipsi;
Famam defuncti nunc Libitina tegit.

34.

"You shall see in this Emblem that the wind setteth from that quarter where certain revellers are making merry under the trees : this is indicated by the waving of the sedge seen growing along the bank of the stream, questionless therefore the spear enveloped with ciphers threaded on a strand will shake and vibrate in the brize. The motto or poesy of the ring, *ultima frigent*, at the last they shake, signifieth no less. The eel prone upon his back denoteth two things, first the vowel *U*, that is *you*, may be supposed to utter this phrase, 'You Shakespeare enveloped as thou art in ciphers.' As hath been said the *U* may also be taken as expressing the Roman numeral V, hence that the five-fold cipher is like the eel his *back on* dead. The last line of the Latin poem, 'Now the undertaker layeth hold of the fame of the dead man,' uttereth a prophecy."

Although in this and other Emblems Bacon refers to a cipher, and although in "The Emblem of the Author" the snail is *wearing a crown*, Mr. Lector contemptuously condemns "that mass of rubbish called The Five-fold Cipher Story which has recently bewildered and amused this age." Our author brings forward the idea that Bacon's bi-literal five-fold cipher is unconquerable, and this he thinks is prefigured in that strange book called "Willobie his Avisa." If, says he (and the suggestion is highly ingenious), the name of the heroine of this book be taken and the number 5 be substituted in place of the V, or Roman numeral for 5, the name then reads, "A 5 IS A." As everyone knows, "A" five times repeated (aaaaa), in Bacon's bi-literal cipher, is the equivalent for "A." We know, upon the authority of Bacon himself, that ciphers may be infinite in number—plain ciphers, wheel ciphers, ciphers with non-significant characters intermixed, wheel ciphers with non-significant characters intermixed. If we understand these Emblems at all; if we grasp what this author means

at all, the inference must be, not alone from what he states, but rather from what he has insinuated, that Mr. Lector has hit upon a key from which all his startling and noteworthy "facts" have been gleaned. It is idle to speculate upon the subject what manner of cipher a two-fold cipher may be, and we shall await with curiosity further and more copious details.

Like every impartial Elizabethan student, Mr. Lector has occasion to differ from Mr. Sidney Lee :—

"Felicitous is the lot of the English man of letters who constitutes himself guardian of William Shakespeare's literary reputation. Mr. Sidney Lee, a renowned writer, who depends, in part, on his fancy for his facts, and thereby has been much bepraised by the unthinking, is authority for the following statement :— 'He (Bacon) knew nothing of Napier's discovery of the Logarithms' ("Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," p. 248). So far as Mr. Lee is concerned, Napier's letter states the facts with pitiless accuracy; but *de hors* the record, as one may say, there are extant two books which utterly refute Mr. Lee's placid dictum : — (*a*) "Napier's Logarithms," 1st edition, 1614, annotated in Bacon's handwriting; (*b*) "Briggs's Logarithms," 1624, wherein Bacon, with his own pen, has verified some of Briggs's calculations. The irony which pursues men who 'know so much that is not so' will be borne in on Mr. Lee's mind hereafter."

The calm and forcible style in which Mr. Lector expresses his ideas leaves behind it a strong impression of reserve strength. We assume him to be a man rather of deeds than of words, and we trust that this terse little volume is merely a prelude to something of more pith and moment. The dedication of these Letters, "*Ad manes Baconi*,"

"This, let my supplication be,
One fragment of thy radiant soul—
Of thy Promethean heat one coal,
O, Master-Mystic, give to me";

together with the very free "Englishing" of de Bruck's Latin verses, stamp Mr. Lector as a writer of distinction both in verse and prose.

Having said thus much, it is a matter of genuine regret that we feel compelled to qualify our appreciation. Mr. Lector is free in expressions of something very like contempt for all Baconian literature which does not follow the lines on which *he* thinks the arguments should be conducted. We have no objections to his speculations, and we lend an interested ear to his theories, but we do object most strongly to the intolerant and scornful way in which he refers to his fellow-labourers in the field. In such a broad and many-sided discussion many minds may present the subject in as many varied lights, and Mr. Lector's point of view is not necessarily so self-evident that he can afford to dispense with all others. In his suggestion that the Shakespeare dramas form a part of the *Novum Organum*, Mr. Lector has been anticipated by Mr. Edwin Reed, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, Father Sutton, and the Rev. Walter Begley. Hence, it was either ignorance or arrogance that prompted Mr. Lector to say that we ignore this proposition, and "argue our case with nothing in our hands but the inept syllogism." What this means we confess ourselves unable to conjecture. It is entirely untrue. If any method of arguing can expose us to the "scoffing and jeers of the world," it is not that which, by patient comparison between the two groups of writings, seeks to prove identity of origin, and by historical arguments to show how entirely the results of literary criticism correspond to the facts of Bacon's and Shaksper's

lives. There is nothing contemptible in this. No writer has a right to tell authors, whose works he has apparently not read, that their arguments are "a trickle of trivialities into a puddle of platitudes." We cannot but deplore the flavour of arrogance which mars Mr. Lector's clever work and which culminates in the words just quoted.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE OF SHAKESPEARE

IT is the orthodox belief of all well-conducted persons, personally conducted through the realms of literary history by official guides duly equipped with the official badge, that the Shakespeare plays, *King Lear, Henry V., King John, Hamlet,* and *The Taming of the Shrew,* were founded upon earlier plays having substantially the same titles, and that these prototypes were the work of various authors with respect to whose identity there is no evidence, contemporary or otherwise.

That this belief is untenable, and that the earlier plays were, in fact, earlier versions by "Shakespeare" himself, subsequently re-written by him, has been very clearly shown by Mr. Edwin Reed in his book, "*Francis Bacon, our Shakespeare.*" In the case of *Hamlet,* Mr. Reed has been able to cite such ample direct evidence from the poet's contemporaries as sets the question beyond the possibility of refutation. Why, then, is the fact not acknowledged by the "orthodox"? For a very good reason. If "Shakespeare" was the author of the early version of *Hamlet,* he could not

possibly, by reason of the dates, have been William Shaksper, of Stratford-on-Avon.

In this article I propose, mainly by examining the internal evidence more in detail, to support Mr. Reed's contention as far as it applies to the play of *King John.*

For the sake of clearness I shall speak of the early version (*The Troublesome Raigne of King John)* as *The Troublesome Raigne,* and the later play as it appeared in the first folio (*The Life and Death of King John*), as *King John.*

The external evidence, though not so abundant as in the case of *Hamlet,* is direct and positive. *The Troublesome Raigne* was first published in two parts in black letter and anonymously in 1591. It was reprinted in 1611, when it was stated on the title-page to be "written by W. Sh." A second reprint was issued in 1622, six years after the actor-manager Shaksper's death, the title-page bearing the words "Written by William Shake-speare." This may not in itself be proof that it was really written by the great dramatist, as many plays appeared in print bearing the same name which are not allowed to be, and quite possibly were not, by him. But it prepares us for the more convincing testimony of Francis Meres. That author in 1598, when *The Troublesome Raigne* had been in print anonymously seven years, and before it appeared with Shake-speare's name or initials, published his *Palladis Tamia,* in which he gave the names of twelve of Shakespeare's plays—six comedies and six tragedies. He says, "Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his *Gentleman of Verona,* his *Errors,* his *Love's Labour's Lost,* his *Love's Labour's Won* (generally conceded to be another title for *All's Well that Ends Well*), his *Midsummer Night's Dream,* and his *Merchant*

of Venice; for tragedy, his *Richard the Second, Richard the Third, Henry the Fourth, King John, Titus Andronicus,* and his *Romeo and Juliet.*"

It will be noticed that the wording of the passage shows that he was not giving a complete list, but was merely instancing those which occurred to him as best representing "Shakespeare's" genius. An important point, which must not be missed, is that all the plays in Meres's list appeared in the first folio, and are now part of the accepted canon. That the allusion in the *Palladis Tamia* is to the *Troublesome Raigne* is obvious from the fact that this play had been in print for years, and continued in circulation through three successive editions for more than thirty years, while *King John* did not appear till 1623; after which no fresh edition of *The Troublesome Rainge* was ever issued. We thus see that *The Troublesome Raigne* was never attributed to any other than the author of *King John,* and it *was* attributed to him on the unimpeachable authority of a reliable contemporary.

We may now turn to the consideration of the internal evidence. The fact is, *King John* is not another play founded on *The Troublesome Raigne,* it is *The Troublesome Raigne* re-written. The author of the later version must have written it with the earlier one—or at least a complete skeleton of it—open before him, following it speech by speech and page by page, striking out, altering, or adding here and there, and condensing the two parts into one play. This will be abundantly clear to anyone who will take the trouble to read the two versions side by side. I incline, myself, to the opinion that the author originally made a complete sketch, which merely required putting into dramatic form, and that in later years he realised that this early effort was unworthy of his mature powers, and so he re-wrote it from the original draft. The following comparative summary of part of the first scene will serve as an example.

The Troublesome Raigne.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, W. Marshall Earl of Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury.

Q. E.—Alludes to the death of Richard I. and accession of John.

K. J.—Replies and orders the French Ambassador to be admitted.

Q. E.—Guesses the object of the Embassy.

Enter Chattilon.

Ch.—On behalf of Arthur lays claim to "the kingdom of England with the Lordship of Ireland, Poitiers, Aniou, Torain, Main."

K. J.—Refuses.

Ch.—Defies John and declares war.

Q. E.—Sends a message to Arthur bidding aim "leave his armes, *whereto his headstrong mother pricks him so."

K. J.—Orders Chatillon an honourable conduct and declares, "We mean to be in Fraunce as soon as he."

Enter Sheriff of Northampton, Thomas Nidigate who whispers Salisbury in the ear, &c.

King John.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury and others, with Chatillon.

K. J.—Demands Chatillon's mission.

Ch.—Addresses him as the "borrowed *Majesty* of England."

Q. E.—"A strange beginning, 'borrowed Majesty.'"

Ch.—On behalf of Arthur lays claim

"To this faire Iland and the Territories:
To Ireland, Poyetiers, Aniowe, Torayne, Maine."

K. J.—Demands "what follows if we disallow of this?"

Ch.—Replies war.

K. J.—Retorts "war for war."

Ch.—Defies him.

K. J.—Returns the defiance and bids the ambassador "be as lightning in the eyes of France, otherwise he will be there before Chatillon can report. He then orders him an honourable conduct.

Exit Chatillon.

Q. E.—Declares she had *always said "that ambitious *Constance* would not cease Till she had kindled *France* and all the world" on Arthur's behalf. It might have been prevented.

K. J.—Relies on his strong possession and his right.

Q. E.—His strong possession much more than his right.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex, &c.

Is it conceivable that "the apparition known to us moderns as Shakespeare" should, in the plenitude of his powers, have fettered his genius by thus straitly chaining it to another man's work? From the other point of view the treatment is perfectly natural—indeed, just what we should expect if he were re-writing in his age a production of his youth.

It must not, however, be supposed that *The Troublesome Raigne* is a poor or feeble production. Far from it. Singer rightly says that there is in it "so much stirling gold, in language and versification, in poetical ideas and expression, in humour, in power of dramatization, and in adumbration of character, that the author has good claim for some trouble to be taken to identify him." It is a fact that the verse is as smooth as that of the Shakespeare folio, and many passages rise to a high degree of poetic excellence. Witness *Falconbridge's* fine reply to the rebel peers :—

"Why Salsburie admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subjects may not take in hand revenge,
And rob the heavens of their proper power,
Where sitteth He to whom revenge belongs.
And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride
Give charters for the lives of lawfull kings?
What can he blesse, or who regards his cursse,
But such as give to man and takes from God.
I speake it in the sight of God above,
There's not a man that dyes in your beliefe,
But sells his soule perpetually to payne.
Ayd Lewes, leave God, kill *John*, please hell,
Make havock of the welfare of your soules,
For heere I leave you in the sight of heaven,
A troupe of traytors food for hellish feends;
If you desist then follow me as friends,
If not, then doo your worst as hatefull traytors.
For Lewes his right alas, tis too, too lame,
A senselesse claime if truth be titles friend.
In briefe if this be cause of our resort,

Our Pilgrimage is to the Devil's shrine.
I came not, Lords, to troup as traytors doo,
Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause.
Please you returne, wee go againe as friends,
If not I to my King and you where traytors please."

Or listen to the despair and remorse of *King John*, deserted by the barons whom his crimes have driven to revolt, poisoned and dying:—

"Me thinkes I see a cattalogue of sinne
Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,
The least enough to loose my part in heaven.
Me thinkes the Devill whispers in mine eares
And tels me tis in vayne to hope for grace,
I must be damnd for *Arthur's* sodaine death.
I see, I see a thousand thousand men
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth
And there is none so merciful a God
That will forgive the number of my sinnes.
How have I livd but by another's losse?
What have I lovd but wrack of other's weale?
When have I vowd and not infringd mine oath?
Where have I done a deede deserving well?
How, what, when, and where have I bestowd a day
That tended not to some notorious ill?
My life repleat with rage and tyranie,
Craves little pittie for so strange a death.
Or who will say that *John* disceased too soone,
Who will not rather say he livd too long?
Dishonour did attaynt me in my life
And shame attendeth *John* unto his death.
Why did I scape the fury of the French,
And dyde not by the temper of their swords?
Shamelesse my life and shamefully it ends,
Scorned by my foes, disdained of my friends."

Or, hear the opening of one of *Falconbridge's* speeches:—

"My Lord of Salsbury, I cannot coach
My speeches with the needfull words of arte,
As doth beseem in such a waightie worke.

> But what my conscience and my dutie will
> I purpose to imparte."

Who wrote this, if not "Shakespeare"? Compare it in general style and sound with similar speeches in the folio: *e.g.*, *Othello's* before the senators, *Mark Antony's* at *Cæsar's* funeral.

These passages, and many others, are instinct with the Shakespearian spirit. Indeed, the spirit of "Shakespeare" breathes through the whole play. I cannot imagine any student of the great dramatist reading it and not feeling that this is so—any student, that is, but an orthodox Dr. Dryasdust who spends his life in dissecting literature and ranging the dead and withered pieces in a grammatico-anatomical museum. There are, of course, passages which, taken by themselves, would not be pronounced "worthy of Shakespeare." So are there in all of his writings. Not the finest of his plays is without them. Where the light is brightest the shadows show darkest. It is the dull day that has no shadows, as it has no sunshine; and it is only mediocrity that keeps on a dead level. But the play is full of short passages, too, which bear almost unmistakably the Shakespearean stamp. Let me quote one or two at random—

> "Yielding no other reason for your claime
> But so and so because it shall be so."

Again:—

> "But feare had captivated courage quite."

Compare Sonnet LXVI.—

> "And captive good attending captain ill."

Gervinus, in the chapter on *Pericles* in his commentaries, speaking of a prose version of that play by George Wilkens (1608), says, "Shakespeare's pen—so easily is it to be distinguished—is recognised in this prose version in expressions which are not to be found

in the drama, but which must have been used upon the stage. When *Pericles* (Act iii., Sc. 1) receives the child born in the tempest, he says to it, 'Thou art the rudliest welcome to this world that e'er was prince's child.' To this the novel adds the epithet, 'Poor inch of nature.' Merely four words, in which everyone must recognise our poet." The remark is singularly acute, and it is just; and there is one line in *The Troublesome Raigne* of which I think a similar remark might be made with equal truth. When *John* first feels the effect of the poison and knows it to be fatal, he turns to *Falconbridge* and exclaims,

"Philip a chayre, and by and by a grave";

There is the substance of a long speech summed up in one line with strikingly Shakespearean terseness.

To come to more particular instances, *The Troublesome Raigne* is full of Shakespearean characteristics, predilections, and antipathies. *Exempli gratia*, a fondness for playing with words and using the figure of speech known to grammarians as *oxymoron*; thus, "contented uncontent," "peerelesse in compare," etc.; and even in tragic passages:

"Then doo thy charge and charged be thy soule."

Again, a supreme contempt for the common people—

"The multitude (a beast of many heads)."

So in the induction to *2 Henry IV.*, the populace is called "the blunt Monster with uncounted heads"; and *Falconbridge* can find no stronger term of opprobrium for the *Duke of Austria* than "base peasant." Poisons are dealt with, as in "Shakespeare," with true Baconian experimentalism. The monk who poisons *John* experiments first on a toad. "If the inwards of a Toad," he says, "be compound of any proof," the poison is safe to do its work; just so *Cymbeline's* queen

proved her poisons first on dogs and cats, and *Cleopatra* "pursued conclusions infinite of easy ways to die" before she decided upon "the aspic's bite." The use of words derived from the Latin employed in their original sense and of words coined from the Latin we should, of course, look for in any play of "Shakespeare's." Needless to say they occur frequently in *The Troublesome Raigne.* Thus:—

Lady F.—"Why stand I to expostulate the crime with *pro et contra?*"

Latin—*expostulare*, to argue about.

Or, "oppugne against." Latin—*oppugnare*, to fight against; or,

"First, I inferre the *Chester's* banishment." Latin—*inferre*, to bring in or forward, and so on. But I shall deal with the classical element generally further on. There is one striking characteristic of Shakespeare's plays which I have not seen noticed by any of the critics; one which shows him to have had, I think, a familiar colloquial acquaintance with the French language. It is this—whenever he uses a French word or name in his verse, he makes it scan as it would in French, making the mute "e" a syllable, even sometimes with the stress falling on it. For instance—

"Thĕ mēlanchōlў Jāquĕs griēves ăt thāt."

And so we find in the *Troublesome Raigne*—

"Hăd Lўmōgēs ĕscāped thĕ Bāstărds' spīte";

and Prince Louis says—

"Ănd frōm thĕ hōllŏw hōles ŏf Thāmĕsīs
Ecchŏ ăpāce rĕplīde, *Vīvē lĕ Rōy*";

while in *King John* his words are—

"Have I not heard these Islanders shout out *Vive le Roy* as I have banked their townes?"

But I must bring this consideration of similitudes and parallellisms to a conclusion, merely remarking that it must not be supposed to be an exhaustive study; it is only an *ex ungue leonem*. Anyone who reads *The Troublesome Raigne* with attention will find many others that have struck me, and, doubtless, more that I may have missed. One cannot, unfortunately, carry the whole of "Shakespeare" in one's head.

FLEMING FULCHER.

(*To be continued*).

ESSEX AND THE SONNETS

FROM Bacon to Essex is not a far cry; but I am unable to find that the latter has been suggested as the original of the young man in the sonnets. And yet there is some evidence in favour of this view. Sonnet 3 shows that the mother was living and had been a beauty in her young days—thus suggesting Lettice Knollys; 13 shows that the father was dead; and in 9 we see that there was a widow evidently attached to the young man. As Essex married a widow when he was 23, and she had been a widow from the time he was 19, it is not unlikely that he had arrived at a certain degree of friendship with her when he was "the world's fresh ornament" in 1587.

There are numerous allusions that would apply to Essex—even his motto, "*Basis virtutum constantia*," seems to be hinted at more than once:—

> "In all external grace you have some part
> But you like none, none you, for constant heart." (53)

> "Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
> Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
> Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
> One thing expressing leaves out difference." (105)

"Since my appeal says I did try to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love." (117)

Then, again, the name "Rose" in the first sonnet and elsewhere, need not be a stumbling block, for it might be compounded of Ro. Es., an abbreviated form of Robert Essex. 128 looks as if it had been written for Essex's use as against Raleigh—especially as it was his custom to "evaporate his thoughts" in sonnets which were sung before the Queen*. The sonnet must first be illuminated by a "Baconian Light."

"When Queen Elizabeth had advanced Raleigh, she was one day playing on the virginals, and my lord of Oxford and another nobleman stood by. It fell out so, that the ledge before the jacks was taken away, so as the jacks were seen: My lord of Oxford and the other nobleman smiled, and a little whispered. The queen marked it, and would needs know what the matter was? My lord of Oxford answered: "That they smiled to see that when jacks went up, heads went down."
—*Apophthegms.*

How oft when thou, my music, music playst
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayst
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those Jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than loving lips.
Since saucy Jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss. (128)

Mr. Gerald Massey sees in the word *Hews*, in 20, a reference to Essex's title, "The Earl of Essex and Ewe,"† although in his opinion the whole sonnet is

* "The Secret Drama of the Sonnets revealed."—Massey, p. 52.
† "The Secret Drama," etc., pp. 53-54.

addressed to Southampton. Perhaps he is right in the former opinion, but not in the latter. It would be strange if he had discovered, but failed to use, a key which may unlock many of the sonnets, and may, in the hands of experts, unlock them all!

What is the reason for the change in address from the 2nd person singular to the 2nd person plural, which begins in 13 and occurs again at intervals up to 120? It almost looks as if the poet wished to play (in sound) with the word Ewe as he does with "Will" in 135—136. Let anyone read 13, 15, 16 and 17 again, changing "you" to ewe in such places as would be appropriate.

With the lines in 17,

> "But were some child of yours alive that time
> You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme,"

this form of address ceases until 24, in which the pronouns are mixed. This sonnet does not seem to be so pointed as many of the others. Leaving 24, we next come to a series 52 to 55. In 53 there seems to be a combination of Ewe and his motto:—

> In all external grace you have some part
> But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Alter the spelling in 55 and we have:—

> "Gainst death, and all-oblivious enmity
> Shall Ewe pace forth."

In 104 the line,

> "Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green,"

suggests an association in ideas of ewe and yew; and there is a similar instance in 112.

> "For what care I who calls me well or ill,
> So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?"

The first and second, and seventh and eighth lines of 84 seem more intelligible when altered to

"Who is it that says most? Which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are Ewe?
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are Ewe, so dignifies his story."

Anyone who cares to look into this matter may be referred to sonnets 13, 15, 16, 17, 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 58, 71, 72, 76, 81, 83, 84, 98, 103, 104.

R. J. D. S.

MORE NOTES ON *TWELFTH NIGHT.*

III.

"Madmen must they be then, to lock up truth, for it will break forth, maugre all opposition whatever."—*Things New and Old.*

IN two former articles I have stated at length my reasons for believing the characters in *Twelfth Night* to have been taken from well-known persons. I add a list of these.

Dramatis Personæ.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria ...	Esmé Stuart, Duke of Lenox.
Sebastian, a young gentleman ...	William Seymore, second son of Lord Beauchamp.
Sir Toby Belch, Uncle of Olivia ...	Sir Gilbert Talbot, Uncle of Arabella.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Ulrich, Duke of Holstein, Prince of Denmark.
Malvolio, Steward	William Fowler, son of the Steward to Margaret Lenox.
Fabian	Sir Francis Bacon.
Feste, Servant and Musician to Olivia ..	Cutting, Servant and Musician to Arabella.
Olivia, Countess and Princess ...	... Arabella, Countess and Princess.
Maria, wooed by Sir Toby ...	Mary Cavendish.

Each principal person in the play fits into his or her part like a piece of exquisite mosaic. The more one studies the life and letters of Arabella Stuart the more convinced does one become of the truth of this view of the Comedy, *i.e.*, that it was written partly to amuse the Queen, stricken with a green and yellow melancholy, but more especially to further the cause of Arabella Stuart, a very near heir to the throne, fallen under the suspicion and almost mislike of the imperious Elizabeth, and who was, as her precious autograph book shows us, the friend of the Contriver of the Show, written by Sir Francis Bacon.

That Arabella herself may have had a hand in the dramatic production, helped to train its performers, and possibly may have represented Minerva's votary the fair Olivia, is not at all unlikely, judging by the extraordinary and mysterious letters she wrote to the Countess of Shrewsbury at this time. They really lend themselves to the interpretation that some such action was contemplated, and perhaps carried out, by her; the object being to present herself before the Queen less as the arch-plotter, secretly engaged in furthering the political schemes of Rome and Spain, than the innocent, sad Royal Lady, who, wandering in her beautiful London gardens on the banks of the river, amused herself with the sallies and music of her favourite lute player, and the pretensions of a ridiculous politician, lately arrived from Scotland, who fancied himself in love with a princess of the blood! Any way, the love-lorn Duke Esmé, whom the Queen had forbidden her to marry, should be declared indifferent to her, and his emissary denied admittance to her gates before the eyes of Majesty itself, as indeed occurred at Puddle Wharf, Blackfriars, every day.

Rumour was busy at Court, and Elizabeth should learn the truth; and by a merry jest should be won

over to applaud even the cunning introduction of Seymore, Arabella's "Little, little love," into her home and heart. Perhaps the laughter which the droll *Comedy of Errors* would evoke from Elizabeth would quell the Bullen temper, which a projected marriage between twenty-seven-year-old Arabella and sixteen year old Seymore, also a scion of the royal stock, might too likely otherwise draw down.

Elizabeth would forgive much for the sake of a jest. A closer sympathy and a warmer intimacy between the dying Queen and her young relative might reasonably follow the unveiling of her true attitude and character, by means of the mirror held up to Nature by a Master hand.

Though Arabella, in certain undated letters, written in most cryptic and mysterious fashion about this time to Lady Shrewsbury, and sent on to the Queen, speaks of the "First-Fruits of my scribbled follies," she does not appear to have been the author of this comedy, but rather the supplier of portions of it, the arranger, perhaps, of scenes, etc., for she was to interview privately certain "servants" who were "to come and go"; possibly actors who required instruction in their parts. She writes to Edward Talbot as follows :—

"Noble Gentleman—I am as unjustly accused of contriving a Comedy as you (on my conscience) a Tragedy. Councillors are acquainted with our bad hands; whilst we wash our hands in innocency, let the grand accuser and all his ministers do their worst, God will be on our side and reveal the truth to our most gracious Sovereign, maugre whatever wicked and indirect practises wherewith some seek to misinform her Majesty." *

That a person of position and influence was secretly

* "Life of Arabella Stuart." (E. T. Bradley.) Vol. II., p. 119.

connected with the "action" of hers which should "bring reputation to herself and try her Majesty's love for her," "try what her friends would do for her," and how she "could employ her friends and servants," is certain. "A friend whose" credit is great with her Majesty, "one who had Friends who were his" unwitting instruments, who "did not know to what they were employed, . . . as I think very few did, if any,—for secrecy is one of his virtues, and he hath as many as I believe any subject or foreign Prince in Europe—or more."

A little touch which instantly brings "Bacon" up before us. Was it he? and why not? She goes on:—

"He taught me that one might plead one errand and deliver another with a safe conscience . . . and must speak riddles to their friends, and try the truth of offered love and unsuspected friends in some matter wherein if they dealt unfavorably, it shall make their ridiculous malice appear to their own discredit and no manner of hurt to others. He assured me that her Majesty offence would be converted to laughter, when her Majesty should see the cunning of the contriver to such an end as will be to her Majesty's liking."

"I am more desirous Her Majesty should understand every part and parcel of the Devise, every actor, every action, . . . till Her Majesty be acquaint and fully satisfied that I have done nothing foolishly, rashly, falsely, or unworthy myself." All this argues a certain freedom, which is recognised in the following: "Therefore I thank Her Majesty for that liberty it pleaseth her Highness to allow me, by the which I confer with my friends, without which I could not discover the truth so soon to Her Majesty as I trust to do, . . . I will reveal some secrets of love concerning myself, and some others which it will be delightful to her Majesty to understand,

I will send some to complain of themselves, I will inform Her Majesty of some matters wherof Her Majesty hath yet no manner of suspicion." And then comes a curious passage: "I will offend none but my Uncle of Shrewsbury, (Gilbert Talbot) my Aunt (Maria) and my Uncle Charles, and them it will anger as much as ever they angered me, and make myself as merry at them as the last Lent they did at their own pleasant Device,* for so I take it, of the Gentleman with the Revenges."

Malvolio's last speech occurs to one at once. "I will have my Revenge on the whole pack of you!" The remark, "A good Lenten answer," made by Maria to the Clown, points to the season at which the episode took place, probably much as it is described in the play. To those who ask why Fabian is down as "Bacon" in my programme, I answer, Read Bacon's essay on Revenge carefully, and see how his ideas are Fabian's—a merry gentleman who has law at his finger ends, and is as honest and just as Bacon himself.

Will Fowler's discomfiture as Malvolio would have delighted Elizabeth, who knew him as the fantastic son of Margaret Lenox's steward, to whom had been committed certain precious relics of Mary of Scotland, to be preserved by him till such times as the little Arabella, with whom she lived in intimate relations at Hardwick, should be old enough to receive them—jewels of price. Margaret had fallen more than once under the displeasure of Elizabeth, and had been sent again and again to the Tower. This Fowler, a Puritan, a self-conceited politician, a go-between for Scotland and England at this time, would not have found much mercy at the Queen's hands if a jest like the present one were played at his expense. How she would have laughed! Arabella guages pretty well the temper of her Royal cousin. In her curious letters she says:—"'Certain

* This word is used for the Malvolio incident in *Twelfth Night.*

offenders' will have to ask pardon for some iniquity which they are about to commit, for fear lest they should 'offend' Her Majesty for my sake." "And if they receive the sentence of death out of her Majesty's mouth, I dare answer for them they shall die content; but I trust Her Highness will with a smile deride their follies, . . . and give us all leave to impart our joy of Her Majesty's pardon to us all one to another . . . and make ourselves perfect in our parts, which for want of conference we have partly forgotten and partly understand not, and Her Majesty more merry, if it please Her Highness but to keep our counsel, and I will *instruct them* and send them to her Majesty one after another, and none living shall understand my drift but her Majesty, the noble gentleman whose name I conceal, and whom it pleaseth them two to acquaint without limitation."

It is interesting to note in one of the Talbot Letters that the old Earl found fault on the Queen's account with the state that Arabella kept up at Hardwick. The Queen seemed vexed at the Countess of Shrewsbury and her daughter Mary both being kept "under." This is shown by *Maria* being made Olivia's "woman."

The remarks of the Clown about "The Lady of the Strachy" who "married the Yeoman of the Wardrobe" can be read by the light of a certain John Starkey, who was tutor to the Cavendish boys at Hardwick, 1592—1602, and then hanged himself—some say for love of Arabella, and because certain rumours had got about that there had been a marriage between them. The old Starkey episode may be studied at length in Bradley's Life of Arabella Stuart.* The line, "Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage," must have been added to the play after the man's death, in 1603. Feste's words, "He that is well hanged in this world

* Vol. II., p. 92.

needs to fear no colours," probably has reference to the same business, particularly as a question about a piece of material, "*Geogra, Couleur de Roi,*" which Starkey obtained for Arabella, was raised to his undoing. The part of Blackfriars known as the Wardrobe contained several churches. Starkey was a priest whose living was taken from him. If it stood in the Wardrobe, the reference is clear. I should be glad of any help in discovering this.

And now for a point which opens out a still larger and more important question.

Clever, managing, Mary Cavendish was the tenth child of Sir William Cavendish, and on the death of Elizabeth Cavendish, Arabella's gentle, sweet mother, became her second mother.

Why should Toby address her as "the youngest wren of nine"?

Because true History differs from History as we know it.

Shake-speare, notwithstanding what people say, knew what he was about, and is not found to be at fault.

Mary was the "youngest wren," and "of nine," because, according to my belief, Elizabeth was Mary Queen of Scot's *unaknowledged daughter*—a ward only of the Cavendishs.

Mary of Scotland chose her husband for her—Charles Darnley, younger brother of her husband—and without any reference to Queen Elizabeth the marriage took place, much to her fury.

Its fruit, Arabella, has always been a mystery to the historian. She in character, face, disposition, personal charm, passion for music, learning, cultivation, love of Masking or Mumming, and horticulture (in *Twelfth Night* she mostly appears in a garden), was Mary of Scotland over again, who loved her as a child.

I have before me two old prints—one of Arabella as

a young girl, the other of Mary—and the striking resemblance between them is extraordinary. To whom did Mary leave her precious Book of Hours (which is now, alas! in the Musée de l'Hermitage, St. Petersburgh), the book in which Francis Bacon has written his name? Arabella. To whom did Mary leave her pearls, her valuable and precious jewels? Arabella. It was in Mary Queen of Scots' tomb that Arabella was buried. Mary hoped that, brought up under the eye of Elizabeth, Arabella would have been her successor to the throne. That Mary had a daughter is an open secret. "Burton's History of Scotland" (Vol. II., 2nd Edit., p. 58, and Vol. V., p. 100), Miss Strickland in "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and Miss Young in her "Unknown to History," more than hint it. I differ only as to the date of the child's birth. 1560 is the time I place it at.

Just at this time Mary was making her running with Elizabeth for the Succession—for herself as History tells us, for her daughter as I believe.*

To the "wren of nine" hangs a tale of more importance than is usual to that tiny tribe, and much is to be learnt from it. I commend the ideas I have put forth to the readers of BACONIANA, asking them to suspend their judgment till they have sifted the matter. The Guises were not in favour in France. The Salic Law obtained, and there was every reason for Mary sending her daughter, if she had one, to England.

Our interest in Arabella can hardly deepen by all this knowledge. If ever there was a charming, ill-fated, irresistible lady, it was Arabella Countess of Lenox, to whom Mary Queen of Scots even gave titles by will. With some words by Isaac D'Israeli,

* Buchanan's History of Scotland, Vol. III., p. 143. (Edinburgh, 1821.)

that subtle wit on historical documents and history, I close:—

"Manuscripts are suppressed or destroyed from motives which require to be noticed. . . . There is a partial suppression, or castration of passages, equally fatal to the cause of truth. . . . In Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII., I find, by a MSS. note, that several things were not permitted to be printed, and that the original MSS. was supposed to be in Mr. Sheldon's custody in 1687. Camden told Sir Robert Filmore that he was not suffered to print all his annals of Elizabeth" (p. 134, "New Series of Curiosities of Literature"). On page 256 appears these significant words:—"The name of ARABELLA STUART," Mr. Lodge observes, "is scarcely mentioned in History. The whole life of this lady seems to consist of secret history, which probably we cannot now recover. . . . Her name scarcely ever occurs without raising that sort of interest which accompanies mysterious events, and more particularly when we discover that this lady is so frequently alluded to by her foreign contemporaries." Space forbids my quoting more from this author, which I recommend to those interested in the ever-fascinating study of Countess Arabella, the heroine of Shakespeare's Mask—*Twelfth Night*.

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

[David Rizzio, Mary Stuart's secretary and musician, was the author of *Old Melodies*. "So much loved by natives and admired by strangers," so writes Burton in his History of Scotland. Was he immortalised in Duke Orsino's "Antique Song" sung by spinners? (in the sunny land of France). Had Mary herself taught him that very song at Sheffield or Chatsworth (her prison homes)?

A. A. L.

The World's a Bubble

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—The assertion by John Aubrey (see Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, by A. Clarke, vol. I., page 72, published 1898) "that his lordship [Lord Bacon] was a good poet, but conceal'd as appeares by his letters" is well-known; but the remarks which follow have not been so often commented upon. Aubrey, continuing, says, "See excellent verses of his lordship's which Mr. Farnaby translated into Greeke, and printed both in his Anthologia" (1629).

"The world's a bubble, and the life of man
less than a span,
From his conception wretched, from the wombe,
so to the tombe:
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years,
with cares and fears.
Who then to fraile mortality shall trust,
But limmes in water, or but writes in dust.

Yet since with sorrow here we live opprest:
what life is best?
Courts are but only superficiall scholes
to dandle fooles.
The rurall parts are turn'd into a den
of sauvage men.
And where's a city from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three?

Domesticke cares afflict the husbands bed,
or paines his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
or do things worse.
Some would have children, those that have them, none,
or wish them gone.
What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thraldome, or a double strife?

Our owne affections still at home to please,
is a disease,
To cross the sea to any foreine soyle
perills and toyle.
Warres with their noyes affright us: when they cease
w'are worse in peace.
What then remains? but that we still should cry,
Not to be borne, or being borne to dye.

Thomas Farnaby, as far as we know, is the first to mention this poem, which is reproduced with some slight alterations by Wotton in his "Reliquiæ," 1672, with the signature "Fra Lord Bacon," and is asserted to have been found among the papers belonging to Sir Henry Wotton. Aubrey evidently copied from Farnaby, as the words are identical.

A bookseller's advertisement states that this poem was a parody on certain Latin verses on the "Seven Ages of Man." Can any of your readers confirm this?

Yours truly, EDITH J. DURNING-LAWRENCE.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(*Continued from page 252*).

13.

In Obitum honoratissimi Domini,
D. Francisci Vicecomitis Sancti Albani,
Baronis Verulamii, Viri incomparabilis.

Parcite: Noster amat facunda silentia luctus,
Postquam obiit solus dicere qui potuit:
Dicere, quæ stupeat procerum generosa corona,
Nexaque sollicitis solvere jura reis.
Vastum opus. At nostras etiam Verulamius artes
Instaurat veteres, condit et ille novas.
Non qua majores: penitos verum ille recessus
Naturæ, audaci provocat ingenio.
Ast ea, siste gradum serisque nepotibus (inquit)
Linque quod inventum sæcla minora juvet.
Sit satis, his sese quod nobilitata inventis,
Jactent ingenio tempora nostra tuo.
Est aliquid, quo mox ventura superbiet ætas;
Est, soli notum quod decet esse mihi:
Sit tua laus, pulchros corpus duxisse per artus,
Integra cui nemo reddere membra queat:
Sic opus artificem infectum commendat Apellem,
Cum pingit reliquam nulla manus Venerem.
Dixit, et indulgens cæco natura furori,
Præsecuit vitæ filum operisque simul.
At tu, qui pendentem audes detexere telam,
Solus quem condant hæc monumenta scies.

H. T., Coll. Trin. Socius.

13.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD, FRANCIS VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, BARON VERULAM, A PEERLESS MAN.

Forbear: our woe loves eloquent silence, since he has died who alone could speak, could speak what the chivalrous ring of princes were lost in admiration at, and (who alone could) resolve the intricacies of the law in the case of anxious defendants. A mighty work. But Verulam restores too our ancient arts and founds new ones. Not the same way as our predecessors; but he with fearless genius challenges the deepest recesses of nature. But she says:—"Stay your advance and leave to posterity what will delight the coming ages to discover. Let it suffice for our times, that being ennobled by your discoveries they should glory in your genius. Something there is, which the next age will glory in; something there is, which it is fit, should be known to me alone: let it be your commendation to have outlined the frame with fair limbs, for which no one can wholly perfect the members: thus his unfinished work commends the artist Apelles, since no hand can finish the rest of his Venus. Nature having thus spoken and yielding to her blind frenzy cut short together the thread of his life and work. But you, who dare to finish the weaving of this hanging web, will alone know whom these memorials hide.

H. T., FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

14.

In Obitum nobilissimi Viri, Francisci Domini Verulam, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani.

Te tandem extincto secum mors læta triumphat
  Atque ait; hoc majus sternere nil potui;
Hectora magnanimum solus laceravit Achilles,
  Obrutus ac uno vulnere Cæsar obit:
Mille tibi morbos dederat mors, spicula mille,
  Credibile est aliter te potuisse mori?

Tho. Rhodes, Col. Regal.

15.

In clarissimi Viri Francisci Bacon, Baronis de Verulamio, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani, Memoriam.

Naturæ vires pandens, artisque labores,
Arte potens quondam studio indagavit anhelo
Anglus, Rogerius Bacon, celeberrimus olim:
Optica qui chymicis, physicisque mathemata jungens,
Perspectiva, suæ præclara molimina mentis,
Vivit in æternum præclaræ munere famæ.
Anglus et alter erat clarus Bacon Joannes,
Abdita Scripturæ reserans oracula Sacræ.
Stirps Baconiadum quamvis generosa Brittannis
Pignora plura dedit, longe celebrata per orbem;
Franciscum tandem tulit hunc: generosior alter
Ingenio quisquamne fuit? majora capessens?
Ditior eloquio? compluraque mente revolvens?
Scripta docent; veterum queis hic monumenta sophorum
Censura castigat acri; exiguoque libello
Stupendos ausus docet Instauratio Magna;

14.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE FRANCIS LORD VERULAM VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

You at length being dead exultant death in triumph exclaims:—"Nothing greater than this could I have laid low"; Achilles alone destroyed magnanimous Hector, Cæsar perished overwhelmed by one blow; death against you a thousand diseases, a thousand shafts had sent, is it credible that otherwise you could have died?

THOMAS RHODES, KING'S COLLEGE.

15.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS FRANCIS BACON, BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

Roger Bacon of yore a most distinguished Englishman potent in art with burning zeal in days gone by searched out and made known the forces of Nature and the works of art: joining optics to chemistry, mathematics and perspective to physics, the glorious enterprises of his genius, he lives immortal through the gift of distinguished fame. Another Englishman, John Bacon, became famous by explaining the obscure oracles of Holy Scripture. Though the Baconian stock had given many noble pledges, widely celebrated throughout the world, to England, at length it produced this Francis: was ever other of nobler genins? of greater enterprise? of richer eloquence? of ampler mental range? His writings answer; wherein with sharp censure he corrects the works of ancient sages; and in modest volume the Great Instauration, the History of the Winds, the Image of Life and Death reveal his stupendous aims. Who of loftier soul exists

Ventorum historiæ ; Vitæque et mortis imago.
Quis mage magnanimus naturam artesque retexens ?
Singula quid memorem, quæ multa et clara supersunt ?
Pars sepulta jacet ; parti quoque visere lucem
Rawleyus præstat Francisco fidus Achates.

ROBERTUS ASHLEYUS, MEDIO-TEMPLARIUS.

16.

IN DOMINI FRANCISCI BACONI JAM MORTUI HISTORIAM VITÆ ET MORTIS.

Historiæ scriptor vitæ mortisque Bacone,
Sera mori, ac semper vivere digne magis ;
Cur adeo æternas præfers extincte tenebras,
Nosque haud victuros post te ita tecum aboles ?
Nostrum omnium historiam vitæ mortisque (Bacone)
Scripsti ; quæso tuam quis satis historiam
Vel vitæ, vel mortis, ïo ? quin cedite Graii,
Cede Maro Latiâ primus in historiâ. (1)
Optimus et fandi, et scribendi, et nomini quo non
Inclytus, eximius consilio atque scholâ ;
Marte idem, si Mars artem pateretur (2), et omni
Excellens titulo semihomoque (3) ac studio ;
Temptor opum, atque aurum tenui dum posthabet auræ,
Terrea regna polo mutat, et astra solo.

17.

IN EUNDEM VIRUM ELOQUENTISSIMUM.

Viderit utilitas, moniti meliora, sed adde
Ex Ithacâ, fandi fictor, et omne tenes. (4)

E. F. REGAL.

unravelling nature and art? Why should I mention each separate work, a number of which of high repute remain? A portion lies buried; for some also Rawley his *fidus Achates* ensures for Francis, that they should see the light.

ROBERT ASHLEY, OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

16.

ON THE HISTORY OF LIFE AND DEATH, BY LORD FRANCIS BACON, LATELY DECEASED.

Writer of the History of Life and Death, O! Bacon! deserving to die late, nay rather to live for ever, why, departed one, do you prefer the everlasting shades, and so destroy with yourself us, who will not survive you? You have written, O! Bacon! the history of the life and death of us all; who, I ask, is capable of (writing) the history either of your life or death? alas! Nay, give place, O Greeks! give place, Maro, first in Latin story. (1)

Supreme both in eloquence and writing, under every head renowned, famous in council chamber and lecture hall;

In war too, if war would submit to art (2), surpassing in every pursuit, under every title, a very Chiron (3); a despiser of wealth, and while he reckons gold less than light air, he exchanges earthly realms for the sky, the ground for the stars.

17.

TO THE SAME MOST ELOQUENT PERSONAGE.

Let expediency consider the better parts of counsel, but add, a poet from Ithaca, and you hold all. (4)

E. F., KING'S COLLEGE.

NOTES.

1. *Cf.*, "Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome
Sent forth."—From Ben Jonson's Poem prefixed to First Folio. In his "Discoveries" he gives to Bacon the self-same superiority over "insolent Greece and haughtie Rome."

2. *Marte idem.* Bacon here is declared great alike "in the field and in the Cabinet." But where did he distinguish himself as a military genius except in the plays of Shakespeare, where the soldiership is said to be as perfect as the seamanship or any other excellency of knowledge of all the "mysteries" of arts and crafts therein contained? It is known that Bacon was a master in all (or nearly all) arts and crafts, liberal and mechanical; nothing of the kind is known about Shakspere the actor.

3. *Semihomo.* This word here means Centaur. Chiron, the wisest and justest of the Centaurs and the son of Saturn, was renowned for skill in hunting, medicine, music, prophecy, &c. Himself the pupil of Apollo and Diana, he became the teacher in the above-mentioned arts of the most famous heroes of Grecian story—Peleus, Achilles, Diomedes, &c.

4. No one can deny the extreme obscurity of this couplet. *Moniti meliora sequamur* are Anchises' words in Æn. III. 188. Admonished let us follow better counsels. But the two words *moniti meliora* are inscribed on the outer scroll of the left-hand title-page of the Frankfort edition of Bacon's works 1665, while inside is written the motto of the Bacon family, *mediocria firma*—moderation is strength. It seems to me that the two phrases are to be taken as forming one sentence. The meaning would then be: the best part of counsel is what combines strength and moderation. Now, applying this to the couplet, and in the light of what is now known of Bacon, the writer seems to warn the literery intimates of Bacon not to tell too much or claim too much for him, but that his memory would be best served, and the ends he had in view best promoted, by making no semingly exaggerated claims of authorship, as in justice might be done; but to be moderate and yet to intimate that he was "a concealed poet (*ex Ithaca fandi fictor*), which virtually covers the whole ground of the Baconian contention.

Fictor fandi Ulixes (Æn. IX. 602) means Ulysses the counter-

feiter or feigner, but *fictor fandi* would also signify poet ("The truest poetry is the most feigning," *As You Like It* III. 3); so *Ex Ithaca fandi fictor* well suggests the "concealed poet," as Bacon writes to Sir John Davies he was.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

1906

IN all probability the year 1906 will be memorable in literary consequence. Certainly never hitherto has so keen an interest been exercised in the elucidation of the Bacon-Shakespeare problem, and the collateral issues which it embraces. In this New Year's Number of BACONIANA it is a pleasure to note that five new writers make their introductory bow, and the quality of their work promises well for the future.

New Shakespeareana

IT has been our agreeable task to chronicle from time to time a friendly reference to BACONIANA from the pages of the quarterly Magazine of the Shakespeare Society of New York. The conductors and editors of *New Shakespeareana* have consistently displayed a courtesy and friendliness towards their Baconian *confreres* which is in sharp contrast to the impudence and petulence of most English "men of letters." The editors of *New Shakespeareana* and BACONIANA have now the pleasure to announce that they have made experimental arrangements to exchange a certain number of their respective magazines; that is to say, that *members* of the Bacon Society will receive in future not only BACONIANA but *New*

Shakespeareana, and will thus be in a position to glimpse both aspects of the controversy. Eventually we trust satisfactory arrangements will be concluded by which the two publications may, without any loss of identity, double their usefulness. Both are pursuing the same goal by converging pathways, and sooner or later they must meet as fellow travellers.

Bacon Cryptograms in Shakespeare

By Isaac Hull Platt. (Gay & Bird, 5/- net.)

DR. PLATT has written a very interesting little book, and, what is better, containing very valuable matter. This is what one expects from such a distinguished champion of Bacon's claims. Dr. Platt is an investigator of more than one field of research embraced by the grounds of these marvellous claims. As a literary and historical exponent he has shown his ability in his well-known discussion with Dr. Appleton Morgan, a full report of which appeared in *New Shakespeareana* (April, 1903), the organ of the Shakespeare Society of New York.

The present little volume is mainly concerned with Dr. Platt's interpretations of Baconian Cryptograms in Shakespeare. As he says himself, deprecating the ordinary connotation of Baconian ciphers and cryptograms:—"Nevertheless there are Baconian cryptograms, and in this little book I have attempted to demonstrate some of them. They are very simple and innocent . . . nor do they throw the slightest cloud on the title of the present reigning family of England to the throne."

Readers of Baconiana are aware that to Dr. Platt we owe the formation of a coherent Latin sentence from *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* in L.L.L. *Hi ludi sibi tuiti Fr. Bacono nati*—these plays, protected by them-

selves, originated from Fr. Bacon. This was declared by a Quarterly reviewer to be "magnificent, but not Latin." This reviewer is dealt with by the author at considerable length towards the end of his book. There can be no doubt but that the setting of the long word in L.L.L. is a most powerful corroboration of Dr. Platt's interpretation. He brings forward a new fact discovered by him connected with this setting. The question is asked, "What is Ab spelt backward with the horn on his head?" The author shows that a horn-shaped mark at the beginning of a word—on the head—in Elizabethan writing and printing stood for the syllable *con*. Therefore *Ab* with the horn on its head is)ab, and backward = Bacon.

Another discovery is from the Shakespeare Quartos. From three of these, two of the year 1594 and one dated 1597, the headpiece is shown by the aid of diagrams to be a monogram of Fr. Bacon. Dr. Platt suggests that here we have the key to Marston's allusion to the "Sage Mutius," of whom it is said "Whose silent name one letter bounds" (*Scourge of Villainy*, Sat. IX.). A monogram is a single device, character, letter, containing a name.

We wish we had more space to do justice to this most interesting little work. What has been said will give some indication of the nature of its contents. It has its flaws like all human undertakings, but it can be said of it emphatically, as of a greater, that there "is more in it to be praised than to be pardoned."

Mr. Edwin Bormann's Announcement

IT has been reported from Berlin by some English newspapers that Edwin Bormann, a "champion of the so-called Bacon theory, writes to the Press saying that he has succeeded in discovering Francis

Bacon's definite confession that he is the author of the plays generally attributed to William Shakespeare."

The confession is said to be "contained" in hundreds of verses—English, Latin and French—partly curious, partly comical—all signed by Bacon.

If these "signatures" are *not the anagrams* which we for twenty years have been discovering throughout the Renaissance or Baconian literature, or the *Progressive Anagrams* so ingeniously worked out more than a year ago by Mr. "Medfurl," this additional confirmatory evidence by Mr. Bormann will be most welcome. His book, with full details of the discovery, is to be published early January, 1906.

Dr. George Holzer's Discourse on Shakespeare's "Tempest" *

DR. HOLZER in a masterly discourse, issued as a 65-paged pamphlet, gives a general view of the Baconian controversy and a special discussion of the view of the *Tempest* as a kind of parabolic representation of the conflict between man and Nature, and the ultimate triumph of the spirit of knowledge and progress. This view has been maintained by other Baconians, and was a favourite notion of Donnelly's. But it has never before been expounded with such eloquence and in such analytic detail as in the present discourse by Dr. Holzer. This also appears to be an abridgment of a larger work on "Shakespeare's *Tempest* in Baconian Light," which was published in 1904. The fact that the *Tempest* occupies the first place in the Folio may point to some special significance attached to it, and the character of Prospero—the representative of *Hope of future* good fortune—is generally rcognised as the ideal portrait of the poet himself wielding the rod of enchantment and magic which he casts away when the marriage between his daughter and Ferdinand is completed. The same happy alliance between the mind of man and the nature of things is shadowed forth repeatedly in Bacon's writings. The giants and dragons and tyrants of mediæval and Aristotelian philosophy are to be destroyed, and a new race of

* Bacon-Shakespeare der Verfasser des Sturms. Nachhall aus einen am 24 Juni, 1905, im Hobbelverein Zu Heidelberg Gehaltenen Vortrag,—Von G. Holzer, Professor an der Oberrealschule an Heidelberg.

heroes in knowledge, theology and science will arise. And as all the monuments of earthly time must vanish, and, like the unsubstantial fabric of a vision, leave not a rack behind, so Bacon's vision had already shewn him that the monuments of the Spirit are more enduring than the monuments of Time—even as uncounted palaces, temples, cities, castles and civilisations had already disappeared, while the verses of Homer remain without the loss of a word. The various persons of the play receive their interpretation, as representative of worldly power, of scholasticism, and the power of nature. And the author adds :—

"It is, moreover, worthy of notice that 'many expressions, thoughts, and comparisons which are found in the *Tempest* are to be recognised also in Bacon's prose works. Over sixty of these are pointed out in my small treatise on the *Tempest* in Baconian Light'; and by a closer examination many others may doubtless be discovered. But even by these the conclusion is fully established that the *Tempest* and Bacon's prose works must be considered as parts of one and the same literary structure."

Doubtless for German readers, Professor Holzer's summary of the main features of the Baconian argument are valuable. It is less necessary for English readers, for this has been presented by so many Baconian advocates that any repetition is now superfluous; and what is most necessary is a diligent search for all the details which establish the identity of Shakespeare and Bacon. Further, Holzer's discourse on the *Tempest* is a valuable and interesting contribution.

"Eclipse Endured"

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

I WAS reading the Shakespearean Sonnets the other night and came upon a line which read—

"The mortal moon hath her *eclipse endured*."

I at once asked myself, Where did I see that expression before—"eclipse endured"? Surely a Baconian phrase! Then a few days afterwards I was reading Bacon's great play—his undoubted play—*The History of Henry VII.*, and I came on the following expression, "The Queen hath *endured* a strange *eclipse*." There is no doubt that both expressions referred to Queen Elizabeth. Can any reader of BACONIANA give me a third use of the expression? *Notes and Queries* has failed to give me the information.

GEORGE STRONACH.

"Arden of Faversham" and Sir Anthony Cook

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

In Act II., Sc. I., of *Arden of Faversham* occurs the line, "Saying he served Sir Anthony Cook." The passage is irrelevant, and appears to have been injected for no other purpose than to introduce the name of Bacon's grandfather, the father of Lady Anne Cook.

The story of *Arden of Faversham* follows the account in Holinshed's *Chronicle;* "Bradshaw," "Black Will," "Greene," "Michael," "Mosbie," "Shakebag," are all taken from Holinshed; but in the *Chronicle* Greene is stated to have been the "servant to one Sir Anthonie Ager" (Vol. II., p. 1063).

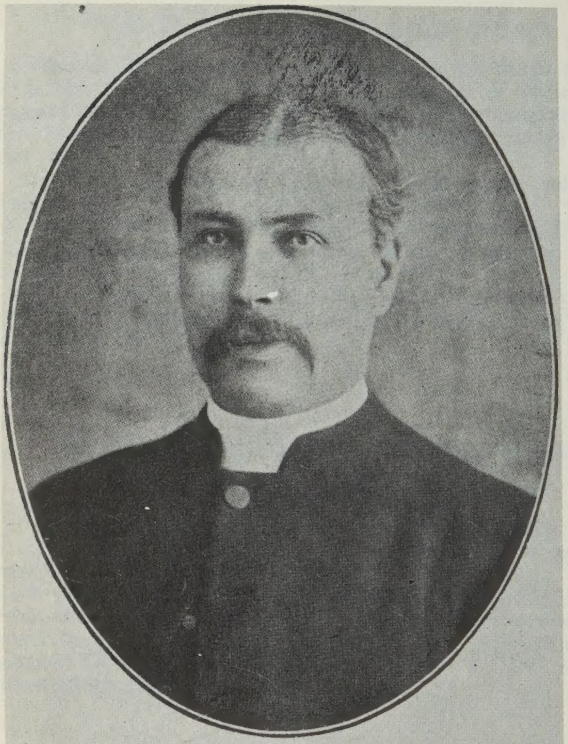
Why does the anonymous author of *Arden* suddenly break away from his authority and transmogrify Sir Anthonie *Ager* into Sir Anthony *Cook?* H. B.

Concretes and Latent Configurations

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

Sir,—Having read Mr. Oliver Lector's *Letters from the Dead to the Dead,* I ask myself the question, Do I really understand what it is that Bacon intended to bring about? What, in short, are prerogative natures? What are prerogative instances? What are concretes? What, in short, are latent processes and latent configurations described in the 21st Aphorism of the Second Book of Bacon's *Novum Organum?* Do we really know—does anybody know? M. A.

Owing to the pressure upon our space several communications have been necessarily held over until next Number.



REV. WALTER BEGLEY, M.A. (1845—1905).

Author of "Is it Shakespeare?"; "Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio"; "Biblia Cabalistica"; "Biblia Anagrammatica;" Discoverer, Translator and Editor of "Milton's Nova Solyma," &c.